Hood's Cures



Mrs. Jennte Cunningham.

"I Could Eat Nothing but very light food, without having terrible distress in my stomach. Before I had taken one bottle of Hood's I saw that it was doing me good. I continued to grow better while taking five bottles, and

New I Can Eat Anything, and my health is very much better than for years." MRS.JENNIE CUNNINGHAM, South New Castle, Me. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation. 250

THE SLAPPING SAL.

It was in the days when France's power was already broken upon the seas, and when more of her three deckers lay rotting in the Medway than were to be found in Brest harbor. But her frigates and corvettes still scoured the ocean, closely followed ever by those of her rival. At the uttermost ends of the earth these dainty vessels, with sweet names of girls or of flowers, mangled and shattered each other for the honor of the four yards of bunting

that flapped from their gaffs.

It had blown hard in the night, but the wind had dropped with the dawning, and now the rising sun tinted the fringe of the storm wrack as it dwindled into the west and glinted on the endless crests of the long green waves. The north and south and west lay in a skyline which was unbroken save by the spout of foam when two of the great Atlantic seas dashed each other into spray. To the east was a rocky island jutting out into craggy points with a few scattered clumps of palm trees and a pennant of mist streaming out from the bare con-ical bill that capped it. A heavy surf beat upon the shore, and at a safe distance from it the British 32 gun frigate Leda, Captain A. P. Johnson, raised her black, glistening side upon the crest of a wave or swooped down into ste emerald valley, dipping away to the nor ard under easy sail. On her snow white quarter deck stood a stiff, little, brown faced man who swept the horizon

with his glass.
"Mr. Wharton," he cried, with a voice like a rusty hinge.

A thin, knockkneed officer shambled across the poop to him.

"I've opened the sealed orders, Mr. Whar-

A glimmer of curiosity shone upon the meager features of the first lieutenant. The Leda had sailed with her consort, the Dido, from Antigua the week before, and the admiral's orders had been contained in a sealed envelope.

"We were to open them on reaching the deserted island of Sombriero, lying in north latitude 18 degrees 36 minutes, west longitude 68 degrees 28 minutes. Sombriero ore four miles to the northeast from our port bow when the gale cleared, Mr. Whar-

The lieutenant bowed stiffly. He and the captain had been bosom friends from child-hood. They had gone to school fogether, joined the navy together and married into sach other's families, but as long as their feet were on the poop the iron discipline of the service struck all that was human out of them and left only the superior and the subordinate. Captain Johnson took a blue paper from his pocket which crackled as he

The 32 gun frigates Leda and Dido (Captain A. P. Johnson and James Munros) are to cruise from the point at which these instructions are read to the mouth of the Caribbean sea in the hope of encountering the French frigate La Gloire (48), which has recently harassed our merchant ships in that quarter. H. M. frigates are also directed to hunt down the piratica craft known sometimes as the Slapping Sa and sometimes as the Hairy Hudson, which has plundered the British ships as per margin, has plundered the British ships as per margin, inflicting barbarities upon their crews. She is a small brig carrying 10 light guns, with one 24 pound carronade forward. She was last zeen upon the Eld uit. to the northeast of the island of Sombriero.

James Montgomery, Rear Admiral.

H. M. S. Colossus, Antigua,

"We appear to have lost our consort, said Captain Johnson, folding up his in-structions and again sweeping the horizon with his glass. "She drew away after we reefed down. It would be a pity if we met this heavy Frenchman without the Dido, Mr. Wharton, eh?"

The lieutenant twinkled and smiled. "She has 18 pounders on the main and twelves on the poop, sir," said the captain. "She carries 400 to our 231. Captain de Milon is the smartest man in the French service. Oh, Bobby, boy, I'd give my hopes of my flag to rub my side up against her." He turned on his heel, ashamed of his momentary lapse. "Mr. Wharton," said he, looking back sternly over his shoulder, "get those square sails shaken out and bear away a point more to the west."
"A brig on the port bow," came a voice

from the forecastle. "A brig on the port bow," said the lieu

The captain sprang up on the bulwarks and held on to the thiszen shrouds, a strange little figure with flying skirts and puckered eyes. The lean lieutenant craned his neck and whispered to Smeaton, the second, while officers and men came pop-ping up from below, and clustering along the weather rail shading their eyes with their hands, for the tropical sun was al-ready clear of the palm trees. The strange brig lay at anchor in the throat of a curvestuary, and it was already obvious that she could not get out without passing under the guns of the frigate. A long, rocky point to the north of her held her in.

"Keep her as she goes, Mr. Wharton," said the captain. "Hardly worth while clearing for action, Mr. Smeaton, but the men can stand by the guns in case she tries to pass us. Cast loose the bowchasers and d the small arm man on to the fore-

A British crew went to its quarters in those days with the quiet sevenity of men on their daily routine. In a few minutes, without fuse or sound, the sailors were knotted around their guns, the marines were drawn up and leaning on their mus-kets, and the frigate's bowsprit pointed straight for her little victim.

"Is it Siapping Sal, air?"
"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Wharton." They don't seem to like the look of us, sir. They've cut their cable and are clap-ping on sail."

It was evident that the brig meant to struggle for her freedom. One little patch of canvas fluttered out above another, and her people could be seen working like madmen in the rigging. She made no attempt to pass her antagonist, but headed up the estuary. The captain rubbed his hands. "She's making for shoal water, Mr.

Wharton, and we shall have to out her out, sir. She's a footy little brig, but I should have thought a fore-and-after would have been more handy."

"It was a mutiny, sir."

"Yes, sir, I heard of it in Manilla-a bad

usiness, sir. Captain and two mates murdered. This Hudson, or Hairy Hudson, as they call him, led the mutiny. He's a Londoner, sir, but as cruel a villain as ever valked."

"His next walk will be to Execution lock, Mr. Wharton. She seemed heavily manned. I wish I could take 20 topmen out of her, but they would be enough to corrupt the crew of the ark, Mr. Wharton." Both officers were looking through their classes at the brig. Suddenly the lieutenant showed his teeth in a grin, while the captain flushed to a deeper red.

"That's Hairy Hudson on the after rail,

"The low, impertinent blackguard. He'll 'ay some other anties before we are done with him. Could you reach him with the ong 18, Mr. Smeaton?" "Another cable length will do it, sir."

The brig yawed as they spoke, and as she came round a spurt of smoke whiffed out from her quarter. It was a pure piece of bravado, for the gun could scarcely carry half way. Then with a jaunty swing the little ship came into wind again and shot round a fresh curve of the winding chan-

"The water's shoaling rapidly, sir," re orted the second lieutenant. "There's six fathoms by the chart."

"Four by the lead, sir." "When we clear this point, we shall see how we lie. Ha! I thought as much. Lay her to, Mr. Wharton. Now we have got her at our mercy."

The frigate was quite out of sight of the ea now at the head of this riverlike estuary. As she came round the curve the two shores were seen to converge at a point about a mile distant. In the angle, as near shore as she could get, the brig was lying with her broadside toward her pursuer and wisp of black cloth streaming from her mizzen. The lean lieutenant, who had reappeared upon deck with a cutlass strapped his side and two pistols rammed into his belt, peered curiously at the ensign.

"Is it the Jolly Roger, sir?" he asked. But the captain was furious. "He may ang where his breeches are hanging before have done with him," said he. "What loats will you want, Mr. Wharton!" "We should do it with the launch and

the jolly boat," "Take four and make a clean job of it Pipe away the crews at once, and I'll work her in and help you with the long eight-

eens."
With a rattle of ropes and a creaking of blocks, the four boats splashed into the water. Their crews clustered thickly into them, barefooted sailors, stolid marines, aughing middles and in the sheets of each the senior officers with their stern school-master faces. The captain, his elbows on the binnacle, still watched the distant brig. Her crew were tricing up the boarding net-ting, dragging round the starboard guns, snocking new portholes for them and mak-ing every preparation for a desperate re-sistance. In the thick of it all a huge man, pearded to the eyes, with a red nightcap upon his head, was straining and stooping and hauling. The captain watched him with a sour smile, and then snapping up his glass he turned upon his heel. For an instant he stood staring.

"Call back the boats!" he cried in his thin, creaking voice. "Clear away for action there! Cast loose those main deck guns. Brace back the yards, Mr. Smeaton, and stand by to go about when she has weigh enough

Round the curve of the estuary was coming a huge vessel. Her great yellow bowsprit and white winged figurehead were jutting out from the cluster of palm trees, while high above them towered three immense masts with the tricolor flag floating superbly from the mizzen. Round she came, the deep blue water creaming under her forefoot until her long, curving black side, her line of shining copper sheath and of snow white hammocks above and the thick cluster of men who peered over her bulwarks were all in full view. Her lower yards were slung, her ports triced up and her guns run out all ready for action. ing behind one of the promontories of the island the lookout men of the Gloire upon the shore had seen the cul-de-sac into which the British frigate had headed, so that Cap-tain de Milon had served the Leda as Cap-

tain de Milon had served the Leda as Cap-tain Johnson had the Slapping Sal.

But-the splendid discipline of the British service was at its best in such a crisia. The boats flew back, their crews clustered aboard, they were swung up at the davits and the fall ropes made fast. Hammocks were brought up and stowed, bulkheads sent down, ports and magazines opened, the fires put out in the galley and the drums beat to quarters. Swarms of men set the headsails and brought the frigate round, while the gun crews threw off their jackets and shirts, tightened their belts and ran out their 18 pounders, peer-ing through the open portholes at the state-ly Frenchman. The wind was very light. ly Frenchman. The wind itself upon the Hardly a ripple showed itself upon the clear, blue water, but the sails blew gently clear, blue water, but the sails blew gently clear, blue water, but the wooded out as the breeze came over the wooded banks. The Frenchman had gone about also, and both ships were now heading slowly for the sea under fore and aft canvas, the Gloire 100 yards in advance. She vas, the Giore 100 yards in advance. She infied up to cross the Leda's bows, but the British ship came round also, and the two rippled slowly on in such a silence that the ringing of the ramrods as the French marines drove home their charges clanged

quite loudly upon the ear.
"Not much sea room, Mr. Wharton," remarked the captain.
"I have fought actions in less, air."

"We must keep our distance and trust to our gunnery. She is very heavily manned, and if she gets alongside we might find ourselves in trouble."

Two companies of light infantry from Martinique. Now we have her. Hard a port, and let her have it as we cross her

The keen eye of the little commander had seen the surface ripple, which told of a passing broeze. He had used it to dart across behind the bit Frenchman and to rake her with every gun as he passed. But once passed her the Leda had to come back into the wind to keep out of shoal water. The maneuver brought her on to the star board side of the Frenchman, and the trim ittie frigate seemed to heel right over up ler the crashing broadside which burst from the gaping ports. A moment later the topmen were swarming aloft to set her topmen to the topmen were to cross the topmen to the topmen were to to the topmen to the topmen were to top to the topmen were to top to the top top top to the top to the top top to the top top to the top to

French captain, however, brought the frigate's head around, and the two rode side by side within easy pistol shot, pouring broadsides into each other in one of se murderous duels which, could they all be recorded, would mottle our charts

In that heavy tropical air, with so faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick bank round the two vessels, from which the topmasts only protruded. Neither could see anything of the enemy save the throbs of fire in the darkness, and the guns were sponged and trained and fired into a dense wall of vapor. On the poop and forecastle pouring in their volleys, but neither they nor the seamen gunners could see what effect their fire was having. Nor indeed could they tell how far they were suffering themselves, for standing at a gun one could but hazily see that upon the right and the left. But above the roar of the cannon came the sharper sound of the piping shot, the crashing of riven planks and the occasional heavy thud as spar or block came hurtling on the deck. The lieutenants paced up and down behind the line of guns, while Captain Johnson fanned the smoke away with his cocked hat and peered eager-

"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the lieutenant joined him. Then suddenly re-straining himself, "What have we lost, Mr.

Wharton!" "Our maintopsail yard and our gaff, sir." "Where's the flag."

"Gone overboard, sir."
"They'll think we have struck. Lash a oat's ensign on the starboard arm of the mizzen eross jack yard."
"Yes, sir."

A round shot dashed the binnacle to pleces between them. A second knocked two marines into a bloody palpitating mass. For a moment the smoke rose, an the English captain saw that his adversary's heavier metal was producing a horrible effect. The Leda was a shattered wreck. Her deck was strewed with corpses. Several of her portholes were knocked into one, and one of her 18 pounder guns had been thrown right back on her breech and pointed straight up to the sky. The thin line of marines still loaded and fired, but half the guns were silent, and their crews were piled thickly round them. "Stand by to repel boarders!" yelled the

aptain. "Cutlasses, lads, cutlasses!" roared Whar-

"Hold your volley till they touch!" oried

the captain of marines.

The huge loom of the Frenchman was seen bursting through the smoke. Thick clusters of boarders hung upon her sides and shrouds. A final broadside leaped from her ports, and the mainmast of the Leda snapped short off a few feet above deck, spun into the air and crashed down upon the port guns, killing 10 men and putting the whole battery out of action. An instant later the two ships scraped together and the starboard bower anchor of the Gloire caught the mizzen chain of the Leda upon the port side. With a yell the black swarm of boarders steadied themselves for

spring.

But their feet were never to reach that blood stained deck. From somewhere there came a well aimed whiff of grape and another and another. The English marines and seamen, waiting with cutlars and musket behind the silent guns, saw with amaze ment the dark masses thinning and shred-ding away. At the same time the port boarders of the Frenchman burst into a

"Clear away the wreck," roared the cap tain. "What the devil are they firing at? "Get the guns clear!" panted the lieuten-

ant. "We'll do them yet, boys!"

The wreckage was torn and hacked and splintered until first one gun and then another roared into action again. The Frenchman's anchor had been cut away, and the Leds had worked herself free from that fatal hug. But now suddenly there was a scurry up the shrouds of the Gloire, and a hundred Englishmen were shouting them-

selves hoarse. "They're running! They're running!

They're running!" And it was true. The Frenchman had ceased to fire and was intent only upon clapping on every sail that she could carry.

But that shouting hundred could not claim it all as their own. As the smoke cleared it was not difficult to see the rea-son. The ships had gained the mouth of the estuary during the fight, and there about four miles out to sea was the Leda's consort bearing down under full sail to the sound of the guns. Captain de Milon had done his part for one day, and presently the Gloire was drawing off swiftly to the north, while the Dido was bowling along at he skirts rattling away with her bowchasers until a headland hid them from view.

But the Leda lay sorely stricken, with her mainmast gone, her bulwarks shat-tered, her mizzenmast and gaff shot away, her sails like a beggar's rags and a hun-dred of her crew dead and wounded. Close beside her a mass of wreckage floated upon the waves. It was the sternpost of a man-gled vessel, and across it in white letters on a black ground was printed the "Slap-

was blown out of the water by a broad-

The little captain turned on his beel and paced up and down the deck. Already his crew were plugging the shotholes, knotting and splicing and mending. When he came back, the lieutenant saw a softening of the stern lines about his mouth and eyes

"Are they all gone?" "Every man. They must have sunk with

The two officers looked down at the sinister name and at the stump of wreckage which floated in the discolored water. Something black washed to and fro beside a splintered gaff and a tangle of halliards. It was the outrageous ensign, and near it a scarlet cap was floating.

"He was a villain, but he was a Briton," said the captain at last. "He lived like a dog; but, by God, he died like a man."—A. Conan Doyle.

Confidence Between Mother and Daughter. Have you not often heard, "I would give Have you not often heard, "I would give anything I possess to have my children love me as that woman's children love her?" How was it accomplished? Certainly not by a lack of sympathy and kindness! Have you not met the mother and daughter who are said by neighbors to be devoted to each other, and at the next door the mother and daughter who are almost

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

It is nor storm nor calm, but yesterday The wild winds leapt in sudden thunds

down,
Shook the dark waters into starry spray
And thrilled the soul of many a seaside town.
Ah, cruel are the hungry tides that drown:
They kill, yet cast ashere their tender proy,
Tossing it carelessiy as seawed brown, Heedless of lovers young and parents gray

But now remorse is here! The ponderous way Upcoils full wearily its snowy crest, Of after brooding, not of passion, slavel Of after brooking, not of passion, mayer
Lit by the low slant yellow of the west.
Unquiet grave! Thyself without a grave,
Till there be no more ses, in foam, at restl
—John Hogben in London Spectator.

Peculiarities of a Texas Norther.

"What is a Texas norther?" The question was put to Major B. M. Vanderburst of Texas, who was airing his Apolio Belvi-dere figure in the glad sunshine that crept under the awning of the Lindell. "A Texas norther, my inquiring friend, is an extremely damp and disagreeable wetness that crawls up out of the hole where the north pole used to be and swoops down upon the sometimes sunny southland at a Nancy Hanks gait, catching you with your mosquito bar underclothes on and your overcoat in soak. It is more penetrating

than ammonia, and requires but 10 seconds to work its way to the most secret recesses of a fat man's soul and cause him to regar the orthodox hell of fire as the one thi all the world most to be desired. When a norther has the victim in its grip, he feels that he has a combination of buck ague and congestive chills.

"It is the custom in Texas not to make a fire until somebody freezes to death. It would be a slam on 'the most delightful climate on earth.' Few houses built prior to the war had any provision for heating The custom was when a norther announced itself to keep pling on coats until it got discouraged and gave up the contest. That custom is still generally followed. North-ern people regard this eccentricity of the Texas climate with extreme disgust. They go down there expecting to find 10 months of summer and two months of early fall weather, to revel in the glad sunshine and to inhale the unctuous perfume of magnolia buds all the year. They get into their picnic clothes and send their heavy weights to friends back home to be given to the poor or packed away in camphor.
Just about that time a norther arrives, and for three days they long to go to Manitoba to get warm."—St. Louis silobe-Democrat.

Revolution In Eating

has been brought about by the introduction of COTTOLENE, the new vegetable shortening. The discovery of this product, and the demonstration of its remarkable qualities, has attracted the widest interest. Hitherto the common shortening has been lard, or indifferent butter. Every one has probably suffered occasional discomfort from lard-cooked food; while it is well known that thousands are obliged to abstain entirely from everything of that kind. To such people, Cottolene is of peculiar value, widening as it does, the range of what may be eaten and enjoyed. COTTOLENE is a cooking marvel. It combines with the food-imparts to it a tempting color, a delicate flavor, and an appetizing crispness. No trace of greasiness remains to offend the taste, or disturb the

digestion. COTTOLENE is worthy of the careful notice of all those who value good food, of itself or for its hygienic properties.

Sold by Leading Grocers. N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and Chicago, New York.

Oregon State Fair.

Under the management of the State Board of Agriculture, on the State Fair Grounds near Salem, commenc-ing September 11th, 1893, and continuing one week.

MORE THAN \$15,000 IN CASH "By the Lord, it was the brig that saved us!" cried Mr. Wharton. "Hudson brought her into action with the Frenchman and Reduced Rates of Fares and Freights Will be paid as premiums for Stock, Poultry, swine, Agricultural Products, Fruits, Native Woods, Minerals, Works of Art and Fancy Work, and for trials of speed.

on All Transportation Lines. on All Transportation Lines.

PAVILION open four evenings during the week, with good music in attendance.

THE NEW GRAND STAND and the new Regulation Track are conceded to be among the most comiortable and the best on the Pacific Coast.

SPLENDID CONTEST OF SPEED cash day. There is entered for these contests the best field of horses this year that has been on the grounds for many seasons.

Valuable and handsome improvements have been made on the grounds and buildings.

PREMIUM LIST. revised and improved to

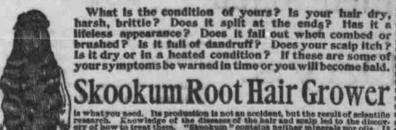
ries for Fremiums close at 5 p m, the sy of the Fair, and Exhibits must be in by 10 p m, of said day. Men's Season 1 leket. 2 a Women's Season 1 leket. 1 b Mon's Day Tieket 1 b Mon's Day Tieket 2 b Mon's Day Tieket 2 b Mon's Day Tieket 2 b Monen's Day Tieket 3 b Monen's Day Tieket 3 b Monen to Rece Course, Free Children under 12 years, Free to all. Send to the Secretary at Portland for a Premium List. PRICES OF ADMISSION.

J. APPERSON, President.
J. T. GREGG, Secretary.



ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

Average 10 to 10 t



THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., TRADE MARK TRADE MARE S7 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

T. J. KRESS. HOUSE PAINTING,

PAPER HANGING.

Natural Wood Finishing, Cor, 20th and Chemeketa Street.

Geo. Fendrich,

CASH MARKET Best meat and free delivery.

136 State Street.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 1, 2 and 3, D'Arcy Building, 144 State street. Special attention given to busi-ness in the supreme and circuit courts of the state. 2 11

R. P. BOISE, Attorney at law, Salem, Ore

TILMON FORD, Attorney at law, Salem Oregon. Office up stairs in Patten block

H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at law, Salem, Ore-

J. SHAW. M. W. HUNT. SHAW & HUNT. Attorneys at law. Office over Capital National bank, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law, rooms 8 and 4, Bush bank building, Salem, Or.

B. F. BONHAM.

BONHAM & ROLMES, Attorneys at law.

Office in Bush block, between State and
Court, on Commercial street.

M. E. POCUE, Stenographer and Ti pe-fine but one in Oregon, Over Sush's bank, Salem, Oregon.

TELLA SHERMAN.—Typewriting and commercial stenography, room 11, Gray block. First-class work. Rates reasonable.

D.B. A. DAVIS, Late Post Graduate of New York, gives special attention to the dis-eases of women and children, nose, throat, lungs, kidneys, skin diseases and surgery. Office at residence, 104 State street. Consulta-tion from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. 7-1-6m

W 8. MOIT.
PHYSICIAN AND SUBGEON.
Office Sio Commercial street, in Eldridge block.
Residence 470 Commercial street,

D.R. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 22 State atrect Salem, Oregon. Finished dental opera, tions of every description. Painless opera-tions a specialty.

DR CLARA M. DAVIDSON, graduate of Woman's Medical College, of Pennsylvan's Office, Bush-Breyman Block, Salem.

J. C. GRIFFTH, DENTIST, SALEM, ORE-gon. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., All work guaranteed. Office over J. J. Dai-rymple's store, corner Court and Commercial streets.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, plans, specifica-tions and superintendence for al-classes of buildings. Office 250 Commercial street, up stairs.

PROTECTION LODGE NO. 2 A. O. U. W.— Meets in their hall in State Insurance building, every Wednesday evening.

P. H. D'ARCY.

GRO, G. BINGHAM.

Screen Doors

-AND JORBING .-Morley & Winstanley.

Shop 218 High street. I. L. ASHBY. Take It!

Meat Market,

Good meats, Prompt delivery.

David McKillep.

Steam Wood Saw Leave orders at Salem Im-provement Co., 95 State street.

NORTH SALEM.

EVENING JOURNAL Only 2 cents a day delivered at

JOHN C. MARTIN.

Horseshoeing. BLACKSMITHING. State Street, - - Salem

Electric Lights

On Meter System."

TO CONSUMERS : The Saism Light and Power Company at frest expense have equipped their Electro-light picut with the most modern apparatus and are now oble to offer the publica better ght than any system and at a rate lower han any city on the ceast.

Arc and Incandescent Light ing. Electric Motors for all purposes where power is re quired.

Residences can be wired for as many lights as desired and the consumers pay for only such lights as are used. This being registered by an Electric Meter. Office

179 Commercial St.

Fresh-Papers-

Fruitsand Candies.

J. L. BENNETT & SON. P. O. Block

T. W. THORNBURG, The Upholsterer,

Remodels, re-covers and repairs upholstered furniture. First-class work. Chemeketa street, State Insurance block.

FOR SALE.

JOHN HART. Deutscher Advocat.



J. H. HAAS,

THE WATCHMAKER,

215% Commercial St., - Salem, Gregon. (Next door to Eleta'n.)

Smith Premier Typewriter.

dalty of Spectacles, and ropairing Clocks. Watches and Jewsley

Sold on easy payments. W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem. H. N. BURPEE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St.

Portland. Send forjeatalogue. W. L. DOUGLA S. C. BROWNE, M. D., Physician and Sur-S. geon. Office, Murphy block; residence, 45, Commercial street. \$3 SHOE NOT KIP. Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair.



If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay \$6 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and took and wear as well. If you wish to economize is your foctower, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Hame and price stamped of the bettom, look for it when you buy W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

HOWARD,

KRAUSSE BROS.

451 Marion Street. Has the best facilities for moving and raising houses. Leave orders at tirny Bros., or address Salem, Oregon.

From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific Railroad

To all Points East and South It is the dining our route. It runs through cetibule trains, every day in the year to ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO (No change of cars.)
Composed of dining cars unsurpassed,
Pullman drawing room sleepers
Of latest equipme

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and jur-planted for holders of first and recond-class thereto and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES. continuous line connexing with all

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, - - SALEM, OR. Special attention given to German speak-ing people and business at the county and state offices. E. HOFER, Notary Public.

The Yaquina Route.

And Oregon Development company's stead ship line. 25 miles shorter, 39 hours le trace, than by any other route, First cla through passenger and freight line fro Portland and all joints in the Willamet valley to and from ean, Francisco. TIME SCHEDULE, (Except Sunday.)

Lv Albany... 1:00 p m | Lv Corvallis | 1:80 p m Ar Yaquina ... 2:30 p m | Lv Yaquina ... 3:45 a m Lv Corvallis | 1:80 p m Ar Albany ... 11:10 s m O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Cosvallis.

The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Devalepment Co.'s line of steamers between Yaquina and San Frencisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Fortinad and all Williamette valley points can make close concection with the trains of the Yaquina Route at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina tranciaco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina
the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates always the
lowest For information apply to Mesars.

HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agente
900 and 302 Front street, Portland, Or., or

C. C. HOGUE, Ac't Gen'i Ft. & Pass. Ag's,
Or. Pacific R. H. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C, H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen'i Freight and
Pass. Agt. Ore Development Co.,
304 Montgomery St

East and South

THE SHASTA ROUTE Southern Pacific Company.

ALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN-RUN DAILY BE-TWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

Above trains stop at all stetlons from Portland to Albany inclusive; slao at Tangent Shedd, Halsey, Harriaburg, Junction City, Irving, Eusene and all stations from Rosebury to Ashland inclusive. ROBERTHG MAIL DATLY House Mover, 11:17 a. m Lv. Portland Ar. 1:00 p. m. 1:00 p. m. Ar. Roseburg Lv. 7:00 a. m

> PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS -- AND---Second Class Sleeping Cars-

Dining Cars on Ogden Route

Attached to all through trains. West Side Division, Between Pertland

and Corvallis: DAILY-(EXCEPT SUNDAY), 7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:35 p. m. 12:15 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:00 p. m. At Albany and Corvallis connect with

EXPRESS TRAIN- (DAILY EXCEPTSUNDAY 6:50 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:55 s. m 7:25 p. m. Ar. Mobilinaville Lv. 4:50 s. m THROUGH TICKETS To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest raise from W. W. SEINNESS. Agent, Science. E.P. ROGERIS, Aust. G.F. and Pass, Ag's E. KOEHLEH, Manuser

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

(Northern Pacific R. R. Co., Leason.)

LATEST TIME CARD.

J. A. SELWOOD, Recorder, UNION PACIFIC 1

TICKETS . DENVER, SALT LAKE, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY,

CHICAGO,

AND ALL ST. LOUIS EASTERN CITIES. 21 DAYS TO

CHICAGO Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East. Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City. Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.
For rates and general information call or address. W. H. MURLBURT, Amt, G. P. A. 254 Washington St., Cor.5d, Printf. Awd. Outside,

A New Remedy

PORTLAND, OR.